Mr. Holesale—So old Pepperpot had a kick coming on that last bill of goods, eh? Wouldn't that make you

Mr. Litewate (the salesman)-It did me, sir. He kicked me out.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Cart Iluthing In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The deepest thoughts are always tranquillizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, and richest lives have always at heart an unshaken repose.-Hamilton Wright Mabie.

OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For proof of this statement read the following letters.
Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman,

Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles and was told that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has saved my life and made me a well woman.'

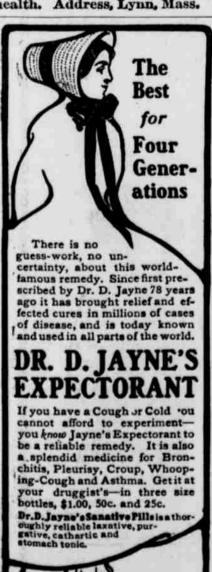
Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown. N. J., writes:

"I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the

standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, and backache.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Непосососто соссосности в поста в пост

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I looked around and through the! mass of kaleidoscopic color and movement, without what might be called "a lead"-a clue to the personality of her I sought. A young maid, and shy perhaps, not yet quite a part of her own social world, and looking on with eager eyes of expectation yet as solitary as I felt myself to be. I pictured her doubtful glance in response to my own quick recognition, her slower acceptance of me-because of my disguise of years, bronzed skin and beard. Her hair would be twisted up, of course. A pity! I recalled a mane of bright curls on her shoulders, and,

too, her dresses would be long now. At least, I knew that I should find a welcome, a hand-clasp, when she should once recognize me, and perhaps a corner apart, and then reminiscences, memories-so far as a young girl can have memories of childhood. Then would follow a delightful sense of older brotherhood, on my part. Wouldn't I make her "have a good

time"-that little comrade of long ago! Between me and where the hostess was supposed to be, moved a restless glittering tide of humanity, crested like a hovering, tropical bird, and instead of my familiar-the night-wind in the palms-an orchestra in a galery wafted downward the sighing of a waltz. I was, indeed, a stranger to my old world, an alien to its social soil. An impulse stirred me to remain so for awhile, to be in the crowd but not of it, to remain unknown. Suddenly I had in inspiration, born like all true inspirations, not of thought, and I leaned forward to ask a brunette-

"Pardon me, are you Miss Devour-

Two fawn-like eyes looked at me over a white shoulder, as she smiled a negative. I bowed and passed on to ask a splendid blonde.

"Pardon me, are you Miss Devour-

She looked back from under a brilliant tiara, and I retracted with a bow. She I sought was not self-conscious,



A Sturdy Little Thing with Reddish Hair.

at any rate. A young woman stood midway up the broad staircase, leading to the gallery, and I moved on with the throng, making her my destinational point.

"Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?" I asked, when the crowd had drawn me near enough.

One white slipper was visible, and her train caught in one hand. "Not at all!" she said, surveying me

with the clear directness of the twentieth century's feminine product. "I am sorry," I murmured, pausing

to let others pass us. Instead of turning away indifferently, she veiled a glance which had been of perceptive swiftness, and said: "Doubtless. But it is hardly flatter-

ing to be told so." "But, you see, I assure you I only meant that if you were Miss Devourney I could linger for a moment, and not fight my way to the head of the stairs. Even a little conversation

would be more enjoyable." The Vision in white satin seemed to be smiling inwardly. Outwardly she was maddeningly grave. I felt unaccountably old and far removed from her world.

Is she, Miss Devourney, then, a professional conversationalist?"

"I assure you I never heard her talk in my life!" I averred.

"Oh, that accounts for it. She is a good listener," murmured the Vision. Of course, I knew that I was being coldly chaffed, but I adroitly ranged myself on her side of the stairs wondering a little at her condescension.

"I'm sure I owe an apology for speaking." I ventured, "but I happened to look up and recognize you-" "Oh!"-the gray blade of her gaze

was suddenly unsheated. "-as Miss Modernity-" "Absurd!" she murmured. "Then please understand that 1 recognized you first as Mr. Antiquity, or I

shouldn't have answered you."

inevitable," I said, politely, "May ! not make a way for you to ascend or descend? It is crushing here, to say

"Yes, if you will. I suppose I must let you. I-I was looking for some one when you came up and-'

Here the crowd made it necessary that I should force a way up to the physicians, as it is free from all objectiongallery above. When we had gained able substances. To get its beneficial it I added:

"You are exceedingly good, and I am favored beyond expression. You see, I'm a stranger yet to my own, a Co., only, and for sale by all leading drugsort of Rip Van Winkle, and am keen- lists. ly anxious to feel my ground beneath my feet for awhile. I don't know a soul here except-"

on a seat behind the gallery rail. "I never heard of her in my life, and I to certain questions put to a primary thought I knew them all-the women school in an Indiana town.

tially, marveling that I did so, yet one of the board in a note appended realizing that it was no strange thing. to the report. "Being very young. never did either"

seal upon our sudden bond of confi- I think she should be awarded a dence, and I was glad of the human medal."-Harper's Monthly. sound which rippled through the mad clamor of voices around us, like the memory of a meadow brook in the tolerantly, were full of humor.

"I was really looking for some one. and wanted to recognize her myself to attract attention from passersby. first. So I hit upon a name to give For years the wife wanted to leave me an opportunity of speaking to dif- Kansas City and go to a farm. When ferent ones. I think it was quite in the family finally moved they named genious! She was an old friend-in the home "Hadherway."-Columbia fact, a playmate-"

"Basket-ball or rag-dools?" she interrupted.

"Neither. It was-er-stolen apples and rides bareback, and wading up stream-I mean on my back, you

"-Oh yes, all that sort of thing. But when anticipation has formed an ideal, one sometimes shrinks back from its fulfillment-as if the imagination is loth to relinquish that which it has found sweet."

She nodded quickly with a comprehension that was good to receive. -"And I should like to confess that represent that unenviable atom of

masculinity, an ex-flance." "Oh!-Hers, you mean?" "Yes, she was only five when she promised to marry me. When I went,

we parted in the-"Usual way?" Miss Modernity was evidently interested.

"-the orchard, I think it was. I pulled her out of an apple-tree. You see she was a famous climber and had a way of tearing her clothes nearly off. I used to go in pursuit-"

"Dear me-how-how pastoral! A hoyden or an athlete?"

"Neither, I assure you, but an adorable child of about 12 years. With promise of great beauty-'

Miss Modernity stirred uneasily. "What was your ex-fiancee like?" she said suddenly.

"A sturdy little thing with reddish hair and freckles on her nose," I said, noticing Miss Modernity's slim, lissome lines. "And her name?" she pursued, evi-

dently with a kind intention to keep me to the subject most interesting. "Her name was Betty."

"I do not know any girl by that name." She unfurled a fan of white feathers, waving it distractingly between us, while I was realizing that this was the kind of woman, whose youth combined grace, control, beauty, wit and gentle perception, to make a man's life and keep him clean. All this passed through my mind with sudden light and I said, stopping short: "I have not been duly presented to you. I am Everett O'Rall, of-"

"Of a score of brave battles," she smiled up at mè, "I recognized you when you came up the stairs, even before you spoke to me, or do you think I should be here with you?"

I put my glasses on again, perplexedly scrutinizing the humor of those frank, gray eyes, as a voice broke upon us.

"My father!" she said, and I turned to face an old friend:

"O'Rall! - You wild man-of-thewoods, welcome home! We've had a search-warrant out for you! The governor wants you to receive with him at ten. Might have known I'd find you with Elizabeth!"

"Elizabeth!" I was stumbling manlike before the complexities of feminine transitions-the low knot of brown hair, the womanly contour of figure, the grace, the aplomb-then her laugh murmured toward me delightedly.

"No,-Betty!-Oh, I could not help it-it was too funny!" "Miss Modernity, Miss Modernity,

bow could you?" I said. Her eyes grew softer. " wanted to know if you had forgotten me-if-" suddenly her hand slipped in mine with a breathless

aside, 'Oh, Rally, you old owl, I am so glad!-So glad-come to-morrow!-Please!" I read Miss Modernity's eyes, and left her with my face turned toward

a glad to-morrow.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accoringly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by effects always purchase the genuinemanufactured by the California Fig Syrup

Her Qualifications.

A prominent educator tells of a "Miss Devourney?" Here she sank unique recommendation made by the board of examination with reference

"I desire to recommend Mary Wil-I looked around and spoke confiden- son also for a reward of merit," stated "Then I will make a confession. I Mary naturally missed the point of all the questions in the examination Miss Modernity laughed, softly, but papers, but her answers were in every with evident enjoyment. It was a instance so ladylike and refined that

The oddest named country home is midst of a noisy thoroughfare, her in Jackson county, according to a Coeyes as she turned them questioning. lumbian who is a friend of the owner. The name as it appears at the front gate is "Hadherway," and never fails

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To onehalf pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the any good druggist.

Comforting. Jones (sick)-My dear, what will you do if I should die. Mrs. Jones-Is your insurance all

Jones-Yes, dear. Mrs. Jones-I'd have the loveliest mourning gown that's ever been seen on this street.-Toledo Blade.

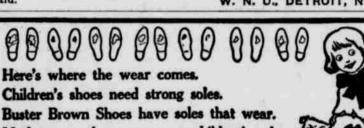
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portant industry.

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